

TOWER OF LONDON.

A Visit to That Place of
Grim History.

After a little walk through "The City," as London's business center, old London, is called—somehow as aptly termed it "The Capital of London"—brushing against the crowds of long-coated, silk-hatted young Pendermises and David Copperfields, we decided to go to the Tower. The throng first amused us, because we are accustomed to having our young men keep their long coats and silk hats for afternoon promenades and teas and "for Sunday." Then we began to watch for stories in the faces. But fascinating as are London's streets, a conscientious sightseer feels the necessity of devoting a little attention to his guide book's advice, and so we chose the Tower as the least of all evils on that yellow day when the streets amused us.

To the Tower we went, and soon found ourselves deep in its memories. Even the most sluggish of minds must be moved to some extent and remembrance of history by this old castle and prison, which, perhaps, from the days of Julius Cæsar, certainly from the time when the bluff old Conqueror came to London town down almost until our own day, has been the scene of some of the saddest pages of English history, and even now has its daily interest.

We entered the Tower by the Lion's Gate, a name that keeps in memory the fact that long ago a King had a lion given him, then another received a princely gift of three leopards as a compliment to the same monarch, and across the Chantry, and later an elephant came to the gardens about the castle, and was the first pachyderm subject of England, though now Victoria's gardens at Windsor are solemnly presided over by two stately stone elephants who remain there eternally of her far-away Empire that she has never seen, but whose riches are poured at her feet and whose slim, dark-furred people glide about her busy London streets as their own country. But the animals are all dead, or at the Zoo long ago, and only the lion in the gate's name survives to tell this tale.

So we entered at the Lion's Gate and were immediately deprived of our bags and bundles, for there is no breaking of the strict rule that is made when dynamite is feared. We did not wonder that they suspected the worst of our bundles, because, though they contained nothing more villainous than soap and perfume, yet the shopkeepers in London wrap everything in a most wicked-looking, slaty-black paper that appears as if it might harbor anything from the innocence of baby's nappies to the complications of an infernal machine. We protested against this paper to one shopkeeper, but he told us it was good form; that no Londoner with any pretensions to style would carry a white-paper parcel.

We gave up our packages and bag with more grace than some tourists did. It's funny enough to see some people who have been "abroad" once before, or have received some points from friends except the expected with a parade of philosophy and then be thrown into a woe of woe of excitement and protest by the utterly unexpected requirement. Their doubts and misgivings are enough to last the careful traveler three months. "Will I be sure to get them back? Do I have to come back this way? If I lose my check, what will happen? Had I better take my keys on?" And so on, though the guard knew or cared a penny or would do anything for them except give them a check and take their bundles, as his orders required.

The Wardens of the Tower are soldiers who have won this pleasant berth by some superior merit on the battlefield, and they are a lot of gentlemen, bright fellows, if they do sometimes scribble history a little. They wear the "Bedford" costume of Henry VIII's time—a dark uniform with scarlet bands and pippings, a belted blouse and a broad-brimmed, silk-crowned hat, all dark and scarlet. They seem to have grown fond of the ladies and gentlemen of history of whom they talk to the sightseers. Our "Bedford" guide called Arabella Stuart "Poor Lady," and one had to look twice at him to be sure that he was a comparatively young man of our own day, when he spoke of Devereux as though he had known him well and was mourning for a gallant fellow lately dead.

His pity for Anne Boleyn, whose life ended here, had all of the strong man's pity that a gentle, pretty woman should suffer, as if he too had seen and felt the charm of her beauty and helplessness. We being women, remembered that Anne had been a vain little thing whose coming had brought disgrace and a broken heart to the proud and gracious Katherine of Aragon, and we moralized a little over Anne's shortsightedness, in believing that that which she had so lightly won would endure long; but to the warden she was a poor, pretty little lady.

Besides the wardens are the soldiers garrisoned there, as brilliant as a host of wood-

peckers in their scarlet coats. As we passed over the moat we saw a lot of young fellows kicking a foot-ball, and running about in the business and joy of superabundant health and spirits. Their scarlet coats were in a flaming heap on one side, but the victorious color was in their cheeks, and the Scotch plaid of their trousers did not show when they were so far away and running so fast. So we admired Tommy Atkins without reserve as he played in the moat under the shadows of the gray tower little later.

Ivy grows over the gray walls, and from a window above them hangs a little square wooden cage, that immediately calls to mind stories of the linnet hanging in his cage at the window of the gaoler's pretty daughter, or being the joy of some lady who, for her beauty or her piety or her love, had been imprisoned here. To-day there are no prisoners—only gay soldiers, picturesque wardens and tourists.

The Crown jewels first demanded our attention. We saw Victoria's crown with the great spinel ruby that once flashed from the helmet of Henry V. on the field of Agincourt; and beside this jewel are a few paltry 2,763 diamonds and a scattering of 310 other

gems. Not to seem to indulge in sour grapes, we thought that crown would prove uncomfortably heavy; however, Victoria does not have to wear it often. There is the Queen's Consort's crown, the Prince of Wales' circlet, the King's crown, and how many others we did not enumerate.

It seems the "crown of England" is not one blazing crown, as we always thought, but divided up, and even Victoria in all her majesty may not wear the King's crown, which her son will don some fine day if she will give him a chance. At present his is a comparatively plain gold circlet, unjeweled. Then there are "Orbs," which the monarch carries to his crowning in his right hand and away from it in his left, or vice versa, for some reason best known to the Romans, who started this fashion when they ruled so mightily. There are scepters which are carried in the other hand, a great gold fountain for royal banquets, an expensive baptismal font for royal babies, and Tower regalia of royal orders without end. For pretty souvenirs are the silver trumpets, which the king-father, gray-old "Bedford" told us were only blown on coronation days, and in another case "Curtana," the pointless sword of mercy, which on coronation days is carried between two other fine swords, one typical of spiritual, the other of temporal justice.

All of this vanity and finery and emblematical jewelry is kept in a little round room in great, strong cases, guarded again by iron doors here and there with ornate designs, and again by the wardens, and then by the

volume of his "History of the World" to the altar of truth, one day, after witnessing a quarrel from his window. He watched the fight between the two men closely and was convinced that one man was killed. Upon questioning bystanders about it he found that no two saw the same thing and none saw just what he did. Convinced by this simple incident that absolute truth was impossible, he destroyed the second volume of his history. He was released after waiting 16 long years, was restored to honors, given command of an expedition to go to Guiana to bring back much gold to the King. The expedition failed, Raleigh came home, was thrown back into prison again, and two months later beheaded. His wife was allowed to say good-bye to him, and his letters to her show always a gentle, loving, Christian spirit, a quiet good humor about the vicissitudes of his life, and a willingness to let the great God redeem the right and judge the wrong.

Anne Boleyn, whose gay Queen days came to so abrupt an end—she being carried away from the merriment of a tournament at Gloucester to prison—came up the steps from the Traitor's gate with tears, bewailings and protestations of her innocence; but her brutal husband was weary of her, and whether true or not—probably not—one of the courtiers about her was persuaded to confess to certain follies of Anne, with the hope of saving his own life. Henry got the confessions that he wanted out of him, and then sent him to the lower regions, with never another thought of the wretch.

Among the defenses of the National Capital, and added thereto since the war with Spain, are the siege guns of Batteries K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, and the 5th U. S. Art., under Capt. W. H. Coffin, and E. of the 4th U. S. Art., under Capt. G. E. Sage. Previous to July 1 the Washington Barracks, at the foot of Four-and-a-half street in Washington, was a light artillery station. Now these batteries are stationed there. Of the batteries in the city, only two are for the Cuban campaign only these two remain in service. The siege artillery has been thus cut down, officers and men sent to other duties, and the costly guns left, probably to rust in the storehouse. There are 12 horses to each battery; they approximate from 1,100 to 1,400 pounds each. Included in the equipment are nine six-mule teams, and wagons for each train to carry ammunition and other necessary supplies.

Battery K consists of six 5-inch siege rifles, and Battery E of six 7-inch howitzers. These guns were approved in 1890, and their construction begun, but it was eight years before they were put into the hands of men to be studied and mastered. Each battery last June consisted of about 50 men, some of whom were well trained in light artillery tactics. Suddenly

soldiers, and in the outermost circle of guards is the general honesty of mankind.

The "Tower Green" is a bit of green grass and trees, opening up to the sky, but inclosed on all sides by the dark walls and towers. In a corner next to the little church of Saint Peter ad Vincula (Saint Peter in chains) was once the little burying-ground of which Macaulay said: "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is here associated not as in Saint Paul's or Westminster Abbey, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not as in our humblest churches and churchyards with all that is endearing in social and domestic life, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny; with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconsistency, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

The little cemetery has been paved over, most of the bodies were reburied under the stones of the little church, and close together lie those who suffered for their honesty, their beauty, ambition, faith, or candor, or whatever it was that won for them the suspicion of their King, Sir Thomas More, who would not acknowledge Henry VIII's spiritual supremacy, near to pretty Anne Boleyn, the

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That the siege artillery train did not accomplish more during the campaign was due to the fact that there was not enough to allow its coming into active service. Only one battery got into action—G of the 4th having an opportunity to drop a few mortar-shells into the defenses of San Juan on July 10 as an extra inducement. Such guns would prove formidable to an enemy did any of his vessels succeed in getting past the disappearing guns in his lower part of the river.

THE SIEGE BATTERIES AT WASHINGTON.

These batteries were called upon to increase their number to 200 men and assume control of an untended system. The guns in Battery K, which were used in the attack on the 25th of October, were of the 5-inch caliber. The 5-inch rifles at the Arsenal fire a projectile weighing 45 pounds at a velocity of 1,800 feet per second. Smokeless powder is used in the 5-inch guns. Capt. Sage's battery is composed of four 125 pounds at a velocity of 1,400 feet per second. Their work is principally to drop shells behind earthworks or into forts and cities, and to destroy the enemy's lines of communication, and to destroy the enemy's lines of communication.

Queen Mary, of course, beheaded Protestants, and also brought her sister Elizabeth to the Tower, so that 18 years after Anne Boleyn's imprisonment her daughter was brought up the same steps to the Traitor's gate, protesting too that before God there was no more faithful subject in England than herself. She protested with a stouter heart than did her mother before her, for she had much of her father in her, and was not given to submission and tears. In the years after she came again to the Tower to go from there to her coronation, and as she entered the gates she dismounted from her palfrey, and in a loud voice thanked God for the miracle of her escape from the prison. Soon afterward she began sending Jesuit priests to his walls, while Protestants drew occasional long breaths in their new liberty.

A curious glimpse into the history of the short reign of Lady Jane Grey is that when Mary decided to silence the Lady Jane Grey's Protestant outbursts for all time. She had the little lady herself, her husband, her father-in-law, her father-in-law's friends, and almost everybody but the girl's own mother beheaded. The mother, although she had intruded for the coronation of her daughter, had held before her all the temptations towards it that a young girl could have, and she had seen the death of her child calmly turned around and made herself pleasant to Mary, and lived at court very happily.

The warden showed us the window where Lady Jane sat waiting for her own execution and saw them take out her husband to the public execution place. The women were generally executed in the Tower Green—the men outside, where the populace could see. She saw them lead her husband away, and as she herself stepped toward the execution block she saw across the court where they were carrying back his lifeless body to the little church burying-ground; then she yielded herself to the executioner, who implored her pardon for the act he was about to do, and in a few minutes her life was ended.

This little human glimpse of Jane at the window watching her husband go out the gate to death, while she waited within for the messengers to announce the time for the ending of her own days, was pathetic and brave. We considered ourselves with a remembrance of her last letters, wherein she speaks of the feast of joy that she and her husband would have in Heaven—her absolute certainty of the happiness that death brings to the faithful.

It is told here that he sacrificed the second

After that band of guerrillas which I had passed the night before. It was known that they were in the neighborhood, and these men were seen in search of them. I told them what I knew about it, and intimated that if I were not so hungry I would have taken them to the village. That objection was soon removed by